

THE HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, Owner and Editor.

"Of a Noisy World, With News From All Nations Lumbering at His Back."

\$1.00 A YEAR, Always in Advance.

ELEVENTH YEAR.

HAZEL GREEN, WOLFE COUNTY, KENTUCKY, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1896.

NUMBER 31.

Winchesler : Bank,

WINCHESTER, KY.
S. H. WITHERSPON, President.
R. D. HUNTER, Cashier.

Paid up Capital, \$200,000.00.
Surplus, \$50,000.00.

This Bank solicits the accounts of merchants, farmers, traders and business men generally throughout Eastern Kentucky, and offers its customers every facility, and the most liberal terms within the limits of legitimate banking.

Traders Deposit Bank,

MT. STERLING, KY.
CAPITAL, \$200,000. | SURPLUS, \$30,000.

J. M. HIGHTAFF, President.
G. L. KIRKPATRICK, Vice President.
W. W. THOMPSON, Cashier.

Wherever it solicits the business of merchants, farmers, traders and business men generally throughout Eastern Kentucky. A general banking business done. Give us a chance to send you a bank book, pay your checks, and loan you money when in need.

Broadway Millinery Store.

New Spring Styles

Hats and Bonnets

OF EVERY GRADE AND PRICE.

Fancy Goods, Flowers, Hair Braids, Ribbons, etc., at prices to suit the times.

Mrs. MAGGIE GILLUM,
No. 31 North Broadway, Lexington, Ky.
Recently removed from 49 S. Broadway.

GOMBS HOUSE,

CAMPTON, KY.
J. B. HOLLAN, PROPRIETOR.

The patronage of the traveling public is respectfully solicited. Table the best, and every attention to the comfort of guests.

CLARENDON HOTEL,

Cor. Short and Limestone Streets,
LEXINGTON, KY.
JOS. M. SKAIN, Proprietor.

This house is only two squares from Lexington and Eastern (K. C.) depot, in first class, and rates reasonable. The patronage of the mountain people is solicited, and the best treatment assured.

W. J. SEITZ,

WITH
W. M. KERR & CO.,

Hardware & Agricultural Implements,
HINTON, O.

C. D. MOORE,

WITH
BEN WILLIAMSON & CO.,

Hardware, Cutlery, &c.
CATLETTSBURG, KY.

Sole agency for South Bend Pumps.

CHARLES UHL,

WITH
REED, PEEBLES & CO.

WHOLESALE
Dry Goods & Notions,
PORTSMOUTH, O.

DR. J. F. LOCKHART,

DENTIST,
HEEL, KY.

A. FLOYD BYRD,

Campton, Ky.
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Abstracts of title furnished, collections made and prompt returns guaranteed. Connected with the law firm of Wood & Day M. Sterling, Ky., in civil practice.

A. HOWARD STAPFER,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
CAMPTON, KY.

Will practice in the courts of Wolfe and the adjoining counties. All business entrusted to our care will receive prompt attention.

C. C. JOHNSON, J. H. SWANGO,
Campton, Ky. Hazel Green, Ky.

JOHNSON & SWANGO,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

Will practice in the Wolfe county and circuit courts. Collections promptly made and abstracts of title furnished on short notice.

J. A. TAULBEE, M.D.,

Physician and Surgeon,
HAZEL GREEN, KY.

Surgery and obstetrics a specialty.

NEIGHBORING NOTES.

Items of News Gathered by Busy Herald Correspondents

That Its Readers May Be Pleased on What Is Being Said and Done.

A RESUME OF THE PAST WEEK

If there's a hole in a' your coats, I reckon you'll find it.
A chief's mung'ron taking notes,
And faith he'll print 'em."

WOLFE COUNTY.

Flat Facts.

J. Newton Vaughn passed through our section the 10th inst, enroute home from Beattyville.

Jack Frost sat heavily on the sugar cane of this section, causing the farmers to "hustle" to get their winter's "sweet-nut" boiled down so it wouldn't sour.

Levi Couch and daughter, Miss J. J. Couch, formerly of this county, but now of Owensby, paid us a pleasant visit recently. Mr. Couch reports the Democrats of his county solid for Hardin.

Since the appointment of the Hon. James K. Buchanan as deputy sheriff of this part of the county, there has been "the voice of one crying in the wilderness, money! money! for revenue only."

Harold for Hon. P. Watt Harlin. He has driven Col. Bradley from the seat. Lecky has sold facts, and the brilliant star of Wolfe's glory shines undimmed in the cloudless sky of Kentucky's Democracy, where it will still grow brighter and brighter, bursting into a flaming orb as when it is crowned governor of our grand old commonwealth.

Lane Items.

W. J. Graham has just returned from Irvine, Scott county, where he has been on business.

I don't know whether I mean stand to read Tim H. H. during the election or not, it is so strong Democratic.

Miss Lou E. Hollan has been in a delicate condition for some days with fever, but we are glad to say she is improving.

Rev. Mr. West preached the funeral of Caroline Taulbee, wife of Sewell Taulbee, Sunday, the 27th inst, at the new church.

Your scribe was delighted very much last evening by hearing Miss Zerk's Sewell play "Harold's Dream," which she had composed, on the organ.

We are authorized to announce Sam H. Kash and Thomas Hollan as candidates for matrimony, subject to the action of the female voters of Wolfe county.

Jas. A. and Benj. J. Sewell, John T. Graham and Sam H. Kash, of Lane, at Jackson Friday, and report the largest crowd of Republicans present they ever saw and the best speaking. Hats!—Ed.

Pollyann Tyra, an old lady who had been sick for some time, but had gotten better and could eat and sit in her chair Monday, was found dead in bed Tuesday morning. She was in a pool of blood and it was thought she had been murdered by parties who wanted her estate. "Squire Chambers was summoned and an inquest held over the body. She was pronounced to have died a natural death. Her husband, Harvey Tyra, was killed from the bushes 18 years ago, and she has had a hard time ever since trying to raise the little ones.

SHANAHAN

MORGAN COUNTY.

Caney Collings.

Married, Oct. 24, Miss Whitt, daughter of William Whitt, of Caney, to Mr. George Keeton, son of Harvey Keeton, now in Texas. May they live long and prosper in this life is the wish of your scribe.

Deputy United States Marshal George Lacy arrested and took to Easleyville for examining trial Thomas Williams and two of the Jones boys for stilling, and Frank Brown for selling whiskey. Brown was acquitted, and the other boys were bound over to the United States court at Covington.

Your scribe had the pleasure of attending the finest meeting at Grassy Lick last Sunday that I have had for some time. There were several funerals preached. Among the preachers were James Wheeler, David Williams, Dr. W. L. Gevedon, Logan Johnson and Wilse Lykins. All preached able sermons to a large and well behaved congregation. After meeting there was one of the finest basket dinners ever served on Grassy. In fact, a good time in general, but we are sorry to say Dr. Gevedon lost his hat at the windup of the occasion, but we think he will have the luck to find it again.

POLITICAL SPEAKING.—Major W. J. Seitz, Republican candidate for the legislature for this district, will meet Hon. J. C. Lykins, the Democratic nominee, at the following places and discuss the merits of the two parties.
Paino, Thursday, Oct. 31.
White Oak, Friday, Nov. 1.
Salem, Saturday, Nov. 2.
Speaking at 1 o'clock p. m. All cordially invited to attend.

A Card From Green R. Keller.

Editor—Dear Friend: Please say to the Populists and Prohibitionists of your county that they have no candidate on their ticket for railroad commissioner, that I most respectfully solicit their support. I shall be obliged if they will make a cross in the square opposite my name, and if elected I promise to give my best efforts to discharge the duties of the office faithfully and honestly.

Respectfully,
GREEN R. KELLER.

Carlisle, Ky., Oct. 26th 1895.
P. S. Of course I solicit the votes of all Democrats.

Public Speaking.

Hon. J. C. Lykins, Democratic candidate for the legislature from Morgan and Wolfe counties, will address the people of the two counties at the following times and places:

White Oak, Morgan county, Friday, Nov. 1.
Salem, Morgan county, Saturday, Nov. 2.

Campton, Wolfe county, Monday, Nov. 4.
Speaking will begin at 1 o'clock p. m. Everyone feeling themselves interested in the affairs of the country is respectfully invited to be present. Hon. W. J. Seitz and Hon. Wm. Burch are requested to meet me at said appointments and a division of time will be given each.

Will Colvin, of West Liberty, who was introduced to Miss Stella Kash, who died Sunday night, was completely prostrated when he heard the news, and when he came over and saw her corpse his grief knew no bounds. He was welligh crazy and elicited the sympathy of everyone. He can not be comforted or consoled and his friends fear that he may be taken down with severe illness. Poor fellow, we pity him from deep down in our heart, but he should be consoled with the thought that

"All that's bright must fade,
The brightest still the sweetest:
All that's sweet was made
But to be lost when sweetest."

If you are indebted to this office on subscription, job work or advertising, you will oblige us very much by coming to the Captain's office and paying your dues. We need a little of the filthy lucre about as bad as a hobo does a meal's victuals at times, and your promptness will relieve our distress and be forever appreciated. Never mind the rush. Come on and we'll try and attend your wants.

We will take good sound corn on all subscriptions due this office, where parties have not the money, and allow 33¢ cents per bushel. The corn to be delivered at this office.

Wanted.

200 bushels of good Wheat. Will pay 75¢ per bushel on notes and accounts, or in merchandise, including flour, (R. McKerr) brandy wheat to be delivered at my store in Hazel Green.

J. T. DAVIS.

Frank Hazzlerig, of West Liberty, who came over Monday to attend the funeral and burial of Miss Stella Kash on Tuesday, returned home Wednesday.

I wish to call the attention of my friends to my fall and winter stock of caps and dress goods, kid gloves, hosiery, cap, Tann's shawls, and in fact hats to go all ails.

Mrs. F. N. DAVIS.

Hon. J. C. Lykins will address the people of Hazel Green on Saturday night next, Nov. 2, and Jas. H. Swango will also speak at the same time.

STELLA KASH.

"God's Finger Touched Her and She Slept."

The angel of death has again visited our little village, and with his sickle keen has laid low the fairest flower that ever grew among us. Only last week she moved like an angel among her earthly friends, ministering to their wants and speaking words of love and cheer; today her body is numbered with the pale nations of the dead and her spirit, gentle as a seraph's, has winged its flight to God who gave it. The very picture of health, can we think she has gone from us? Yes, though it be, her life still speaks messages of love, hope and faith. Rightly was she christened, "Stella," a star. God never created one more fair or made one more constant and none ever pointed more surely to heaven than she, the memory of whose love and life is an inspired page, teaching us the ways of peace and binding us closer, dear Lord, our souls to thee. And then her guileless innocence, her retiring modesty, her virgin purity encompassed with a charm in whose hallowed sphere no guilty thought could live. She was born Sept. 27, 1878, and died October 27, 1895.

Surely every tear she has wiped away (and many know her good deeds) will be crystallized into precious jewels that will adorn her crown of immortality. But oh her grave, her young grave; from its bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender memories, for her life was a grand sweet song; a living exponent of the one great truth that we should live but for the sole purpose to die. What a place for meditation. In living letters it speaks of christian virtues and gentleness, of kind words and good deeds. Father! He is looking in the tender sunshine of her love. Mother! (hallowed be the name) and may your heart not bleed in vain. Brother, sisters, learn a lesson from her life, fragrant as the rose that marks her vacant pew in God's sanctuary. Lover! God pity him, and may an all kind providence bind up his broken heart and point his fearful, grief-worn eyes to scenes beyond the grave, where virtue's blooms always blow, and fear no wintry blast. May those who loved her here find solace in the poet's song:

"There is no death,
What seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life-dysian,
Whose portals we call death."

Stella was the daughter of Jos. M. and Ellen Kash, the former now deceased. She leaves to mourn her loss, her mother, a brother, three sisters and her fiancé, W. T. Colvin, of West Liberty, besides a host of relatives and friends, for who ever knew her but to love her, or named her but to praise. She died of typhoid fever aggravated by heart trouble. Her death was like the falling to sleep of a babe and her last breath was as an angel whisper. She had been a member of the Christian church since childhood, and was a leader in all the church doings, and especially in the Christian Endeavor. Her untimely taking off is but another act of God's mysterious grace. Too pure for earth, He has called her and claimed her as his own.

Like the clinging vine that binds up the shattered bough, may God's love bind up the broken hearts of those who loved her and may her spirit be a guiding star for us all, in the prayer of one who knew and loved her. The funeral obsequies were performed at the Christian church by Prof. Cord and Rev. J. T. Pieratt. The remains were borne by six young men with as many young ladies as assistant pall bearers, the former dressed in black and the latter in white. They followed a little girl in white bearing a large bouquet of white flowers that now hangs over the seat of the deceased. The remains are interred in the family burial ground on one of the hill-tops east of town. All the schools observed a holiday and the public school, of which she was a teacher, adjourned two days.

Japanese Oil is said to be the most wonderful liniment for external application that scientific chemists have yet been able to compound. Hundreds and thousands testify to this, as it has saved both life and expense. Sold at this office at 40 cents a bottle. Try it, as it is a household necessity and always a friend in need."

KENTUCKY ITEMIZED.

A RESUME OF THE IMPORTANT EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

Things of a Newsworthy Nature Rolled Down to Salt the Convenience of the Hasty Reader—Kentucky Down to Date.

Danville is now blessed with a complete system of water works.

The Lexington fair association has gone into voluntary liquidation.

The Confederate monument at Lawrenceburg will be unveiled about the middle of November.

Ninety-five head of short horn cattle (dehorned, maybe), sold in Fayette last week for \$2,807, an average of \$29.55.

Postmaster H. C. Ashton, of Flemingsburg, is \$1,200 short in his accounts, and his bondsmen have installed A. H. Evans in his stead.

Joe Knox, a farmer of Bath county, died of blood poisoning at his home near Sharpburg, on Saturday night. He was about 60 years of age.

Mrs. Kate Marshall Sandford, of Covington, has asked Senator Wm. Goebel, of that city, for \$100,000 damages for the murder of her husband last April.

Gov. Brown has fixed Friday, Nov. 5, as the day for hanging Columbus Phillips at Bowling Green. He killed his half-brother to prevent him from testifying against his son.

Ex Chief of Police John Anderson, who murdered Editor Joe Rucker at Somerset about three years ago, is in jail in the Dominion of Canada, and will be taken to Somerset this week.

In his speech at Lawrenceburg Friday, Hon. Robert J. Breckinridge appealed to the Lord to save the state from Republican rule. Bob is a good man, and his prayer will be answered next Tuesday at about dark.

Bamberger, Bloom & Co., one of the largest wholesale dry goods houses in Louisville, has assigned to the Columbia Finance and Trust company for benefit of creditors. Liabilities \$1,200,000 and assets nominally the same.

The October term of the Woodford circuit court convened at Versailles on Monday. There are four murder cases on the docket, one of them being that of Joe Lane, the Mt. Sterling man, for the murder of H. C. Rodebaugh and James Rodebaugh.

At Duwalsville, in Grant county, Bill and Milt Burgess shot and instantly killed Al Johnson Saturday last. They had been playing cards when a dispute arose and Johnson started to run and was shot in the back. The murderers are in jail at Williamstown.

There is one remedy which every family should be provided with. We refer to Chamberlain's Pain Balm. When it is kept at hand the severe pain of a burn or scald may be promptly relieved and the sore healed in much less time than when medicine has to be sent for. A sprain may be promptly treated before inflammation sets in, which insures a cure in about one-third the time otherwise required. Cuts and bruises should receive immediate attention, before the parts become swollen, and when Chamberlain's Pain Balm is applied it will heal them without matter being formed and without leaving a scar. A sore throat may be cured in one night. A piece of flannel damped with this liniment and bound over the seat of pain will cure lame back or pain in the side or chest in twenty-four hours. It is the most valuable, however, for rheumatism. Persons afflicted with this disease will be delighted with the prompt relief from pain which it affords, and it can be depended upon to effect a complete cure. For sale by John M. Rose, drugist.

Died, at her home on Long Branch, Mrs. Louis DeLusk. She leaves a husband, and an infant child unguarded by her care. She was the daughter of Squire Ambrose and had only been married a little over a year. Her friends should rejoice to know that it will be their privilege to meet her in the blessed beyond.

The condition of Fletcher McGuire, whose illness we have reported, remains practically unchanged, though he rests easier. Drs. Taulbee and Thomas are attending him.

THE HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, Publisher.

HAZEL GREEN, : : : KY.

TOGETHER.

Sweet hand, that, held in mine,
Seems the one thing I cannot live without.
The soul's one anchor in this storm and
doubt.
I take thee as this sign

For life, and more than life, when life is
done,
And thy soft pressure leads me gently on
To Heaven's own evermore.

I have not much to say,
Nor any words that fit such fond request;
Let my blood speak to thine, and bear the
rest.

So silent, heartward way,
Thine blood the faithful hand
Which serves as a wall it blossoms hold me
fast.
Let me not breathe the flood at last,
So near the better

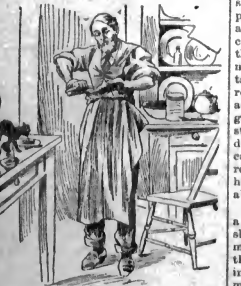
Sweet hand, that, thus in mine,
Seems the one thing I cannot live without.
My heart's one anchor in life's storm and
doubt,
Take this, and make me thine
—McClure's Magazine.

EMANCIPATION OF A MAN.

BY MARY STEUART BOYD.

EVEN O'clock
elined, with
harsh, im-
patient ping
from a clock
on the ground
floor, and was
echoed by the
muffled whir
of an alarm up-
stairs. Half an
hour later
Peter Parr
opened his bed-
room door and
quietly de-
scended the attic stair. On the land-
ing he paused to pick from the door-
mat of the front room a pair of square-
toed shoes of opinionative aspect, with
two muddy gaiters; and, this done, re-
sumed his downward journey. The draw-
ing-room door stood ajar, and he en-
tered. Jerking up the broken Venetian
blind, he raised the window to let the
morning breeze sweeten the close at-
mosphere of the place. It was difficult
to adjudge the character of the cham-
ber. Billions of paper lined the
walls, dirty waxcloth covered the
floor, and a paraffin stove clumsily as-
saulted audaciously the throne of the
sacred flame. The floor space was
largely occupied by a long table with
a raised desk at one end. It was lit-
tered with papers, pens, school ink bot-
tles and little heaps of tobacco ash. The
dining-room, separated by folding
doors, was encumbered with many
things. On the sofa lay a hard felt
hat, two immense black-headed pins
stuck in the crown its sole trimming,
and a waterproofer's crumpled and mud-
stained. The table still bore evidences
of an unappetizing meal; the heel of a
loaf, a sticky pot of jam, and the oily
remains of a tin of salmon. And the
carpet was torn for a wretched leaf of
lettuce and endless dust.

Peter gazed helplessly round for a
minute; then with the heavy tread of
despondency, went down the dark
stairs to the kitchen. A scurrying



HE BEGAN TO BRUSH THE SHOES.

Sight of black teeth marked his en-
trance; and a gaunt kitten sprang to
welcome him. Laying shoes and gaiters
on the top of the copper in the scullery,
and putting on a pair of old
gloves and an apron, he poked out the
ashes and essayed to kindle a fire in
the rusty stove, working slowly, yet
with a certain precision. The fire awoke
and the kettle on, he began to brush
the shoes.

Peter was a man of fifty, spare of
figure, with dreamy eyes and hair and
beard touched with grey; one whose
instincts were essentially poetic, peace-
ful and home-loving. There was a
pained expression on his face as, dip-
ping the brush afresh in the blacking
sauce, he operated on the dromedary-
looking foot gear. Perchance he
thought of the man whose changes
the feet that owned these "venable"
shoes had brought into his life.

Fifteen years earlier a friend on his
death-bed implored him to bend his
wife and his infant daughter, and to
attend the trust faithfully; while,
after a time, he married the widow.

She was an attractive woman then,
with many an enthusiasm and a love
of coloring. She had an income of
her own, which, united with her hus-
band's salary, was quite sufficient to
keep them in respectable, even pleas-
ant, fashion. But she was unblessed
with any sense of order, and carried
with a fondness for gadding about, so
she never managed to impart the least
sense of comfort to the house. A weary
superstition of incompetent servants,
each less trusted than the other, and the
mistress' follies, had crossed and re-
crossed the threshold.

During all this time Peter had
certainly endured much. His likes
and dislikes had never been permitted
to obstruct his wife's experiments. He
had submitted for a space to vegeta-
rianism; he had broken fast on a
winter's mutton on raw melon and
home-made whole-milk bread. For
some years, Mrs. Augusta Parr—as she
now elected to style herself—disregard-
ing even her spasmodic interest in
household matters, had exposed her
and soul the cause of every one of
her woman's movement. Its objects mat-
tered little; her soul principle was to
decey whatever powers and privileges
religion possessed, and to clamour for
those denied them.

At first, the man had anticipated
pleasure from the companionship of
the child; but the lack of the softening
influence of maternal tenderness, and
the effect of the interminable gabble
of the inferiority of man, had wrought
in her a hardness of manner and a
consciousness of thought altogether re-
pellant to a nature intensely refined.
Presently he realized the impossibility
of attaining any community of feeling
with her. Of late, the girl, almost
woman grown, had chosen to declare
her independence. She had thrown
down the gauntlet to her parent,
announced her intention of acting as
she pleased in all things, and of sub-
mitting to no supervision of any kind.
And the mother, reacting the cry of
her own sowing, dare find no fault
with the harvest. The previous day,
the daughter had quarrelled with her
mother, and banging the door behind
her had departed. To join an emanci-
pated girl-friend in chambers. In the
evening Mrs. Augusta Parr presided,
in her own drawing-room, over an as-
semblage large and heated, which dis-
cussed the burning question: "Why are
We the Slaves of Man?" The debate
had been prolonged to a late hour;
now Mrs. Augusta Parr slept the sleep
of the exhausted slave while her
master plotted his revenge.

The kettle boiled over, and Peter
prepared himself some tea and slices
of bread and butter. It was one of the
frequent lapses of domestic aid, when
either cooked for himself or went
without food. He had just commenced
breakfast when a plaintive mew from
the kitchen reminded him of its exist-
ence. As he opened the side door to
lift the milk-pail, a whiff of cold air
smoke a thrill through his senses.
And a stunted may tree, its spirit un-
vanquished even by years of city im-
prisonment, held a branch of frag-
rant bay, having the hardy, warlike
Leaning against the door post to in-
dulate the perfume, Peter let his heart
incline wistfully to dreams of country
gladness, till the hour of eight, rang
out at the millinery, and he heard him
that he must start in ten minutes
if he were to beat his post by nine
o'clock. Turning sadly indoors, he
filled "cups" saucer with milk, and,
sitting down at the bare wooden table,
tried to resume his meal. It had sud-
denly grown distasteful to him. A
spray of the fragrant blossom he had
plucked lay beside his plate. His was
all the townsmen's craving for the
country; and, as he munched his bread,
the vision splendid passed before his
mind's eye. He beheld a low-eaved cot-
tage with clematis nodding over the
roof and old-fashioned roses peeping
at the windows, and a garden with
gilly-flowers and hollyhocks whose
stalks were as scolding reeds for the
drowsy murmur of bees and the merry
cackle of fowls, while an open door
revealed a clean kitchen with a bright
hearth and a cozy arm-chair—the very
abode of peace.

Then, with the impetuous decision of
a quiet, slow nature, he asked: "Why
should not I enjoy these luxuries? The
meanest farm laborer may indulge
them. Why not I? My days are passed
in a dusty city office, toiling to earn
money; and to possess the things I
may pay rent and taxes for a house
which is a horror to me, and that I
may provide food and clothes for those
whose only religion is to despise me.
My wife is independent of me. Should
I leave her, she will have a little less
for her campaigns; that is the worst
deprivation she will suffer. And my
patrimony, which assures me forty
pounds sterling a year, will mean an in-
crease in some rural spot." He thought
of Thoreau, even of Robinson Crusoe,
in that moment of romance; the last
for freedom was strong within him,
and his resolution was not long smok-
ing.

Stepping up to the hall for his hat,
he yearned to rescue certain treasures
from his room; some favorite books,
one or two old letters. But while he
considered, a warning creak from
above proclaimed there was no time to
lose. So, stepping out with no greater
equipment than the small bag that
was his wont to carry daily to and
from the city, he gently closed the
door, with a joyful sense of so doing
for the last time. He had little feeling
of regret, none of compunction, no hesi-
tation regarding the future; the up-

wanted exhilarating certainty of free-
dom quickened his pulses and ran like
wine through his veins. The suc-
cess of that door, with its blistered
paint and tarnished knocker, seemed
to shut out all that had been bitter and
humiliating in his old life, and to set a
seal upon his passport to a new and
beautiful one. An entraining new di-
rected his attention to the kitten fol-
lowing close at his heels. It was the
one living creature in his home which
had craved his companionship, so fold-
ing it in his arms he strode away.

Seven years later, Mrs. Augusta Parr,
in an enthusiastic canvass involving
the enfranchisement of woman, drove
along a quiet country road in War-
wickshire in the noontide heat. The
sun beat fiercely on her, and the dust
raised by the wheels rendered her
throat parched and dry. She felt ex-
hausted and dispirited, for it had come
on her with convincing force that in
very truth she had made a mess of her
life. She was no longer young, and
she was alone in the world. Her daughter
had married a drunken brute who
beat her. Her husband, too, she had
lost—how she had never discovered—



ALONG A QUIET COUNTRY ROAD.

and she missed him. Not at first,
probably, but now, when too late to
recover him. Even her notoriety ap-
peared to wax hollow and worthless;
and there, there, once a beautiful
strong-minded, she would have given
much just then to be able to indulge
secretly in a good cry.

A pretty cottage stood in the midst
of a long garden; one end of the
demense sloped to the road, the other
stretched to the brink of a trotting
stream. An elderly man, in the re-
freshing shade of a jasmine-covered
arbor, placidly rooked a magazine. A
plate of strawberries stood on a table
at his side, a cat contentedly snuggled
itself on his knee.

"Oh! I could rest in a place like
this," murmured Mrs. Augusta Parr
as she drove wearily to the hall, where
a crowded audience and loud applause
awaited her.

But neither he nor she knew that for
a second time she had crossed again.
—Black and White.

STANDARDS OF BEAUTY.

How Various Nations Have Idealized
Themselves.

Is there any handsome people on the
face of the globe? Now, we may set
aside the black and yellow and poly-
chrome races in general, many of whom
are well-shaped, and like bronze statu-
es to look upon, but who do not come
up with the Aryan standard in Asia
and color. Leaving these, the children
of nature out of the question, it may
be confessed that there is no race
among whom beauty is common. If
the ancient Greeks were like their
statues, there still would be a beauti-
ful race, but it is not so certain that
they did not idealize themselves a good
deal.

There is the more reason to guess
that, as when they have to represent
barbarians, say a Gaul or a German, or
a professional prize fighter, they make
these people as handsome as possible.
There is a famous bronze statue of a boxer,
who might be taken for an orator, or a
poet, were it not for his heavy metal-
studged gloves. Thus it may be deemed
that there is a great proportion of the
ideal in these statues, wares, coins and
figures, where everyone is so graceful
and goodly.

The Americans write as if their
women were a galaxy of loveliness;
and then come a military corps (Eng-
lish), who only say "three pretty wom-
en in the states, and one of them was
a foreigner. There is no knowing
what to believe when patriots boast
of the local fair.

Perhaps it might pay an American
journal to send a commissionaire on
beauty all around the world; one who
should give a comprehensive and un-
biased opinion. But it would be diffi-
cult for the world to believe in his
judicial fairness, and no really seri-
ous result could be obtained. At home
we may all look about us, and ask
where beauty flourishes most. Now it
may be a heresy, but we think that
scientific observer will find beauty
most common among the young work-
women and shop girls on one hand,
and among the "highest circles," the
"best families," on the other.—London
Times.

—The life of the imagination, as of
the body, disappears when we pursue
it.—Wilmott.

DEMONOLGY IN CHINA.

One of the Fates That Have Hindered
Progress in the Flowery Kingdom.

The ceremonies so often observed on
occasions of death all have their origin
in the demonology of the Flowery
Kingdom. Paper clothes, paper money,
Paper dishes, paper palaces are burnt
when a man dies to provide
the soul of the dead with means of
bringing its way through the devil's
kingdom to the land of the living.
Buryings are often patterned after
high officials' gowns in order to im-
press more favorably the spirits en-
countered on the mysterious journey.
Taoist priests are called to consult
the soul of the departed to ascertain its
wishes. They discover the locality for
burial and indicate all details of this
last service to the dead.

The Shanghai railroad met its doom
from this source. The priest informed
the people that the rumbling noise of
the cars and the steam engine were
distasteful to the dead who filled the
tunnels with their wailing. The priest
appealed to the wrath of the dead, Chinese
capitalists bought the road, with its
equipment, and tore up the tracks,
and stored the entire plant under sheds
at Shanghai. It is seen that this
innovation in that old country, and the
first thing necessary in order to intro-
duce railroads into China is to de-
stroy the priest and his little
common sense into the people.

During the prevalence of the great
famine in northwestern China in 1874-5
there was an unusual flood in the val-
leys of the Yangtze and its course. The
emperor endeavored to solve the mystery of this
uneven distribution of rain. The cen-
surer fell upon the royal household at
Peking. It is the duty of the emperor
to enter the temple and receive the ben-
edictions of Heaven upon his throne.
He always asks for rain among other things,
and the impression obtained that the em-
peror had been asked for rain, but
had not taken the pains to send where
he wanted it. The result was that
floods came in some places, while fam-
ine from drought came in other parts of
the empire. This feeling was produc-
ing a general spirit of revolt, when in
1878 the rains came to the rescue in the
drought-stricken provinces.

A few of the more intelligent China-
men in Shanghai have exhibited an in-
dependent spirit, and have been excep-
tional. It shows a tendency to
break away from the tyranny of igno-
rance and superstition, which tendency
is gradually spreading sufficiently to
awaken an interest in the progress of
it comes the Taoist high priest must
fold his tent and silently march away.

But the dominance of ignorance and
the quickery of priests will hold China
in slavery to an unchangeable and ir-
rational faith for generations yet un-
born. Yet the seeds of a better intel-
ligence are being planted in this dark
corner of the earth. The people ob-
serve that Europeans are not ruled by
imaginary devils, and nevertheless
prosper without the intervention of
priests; and thus the realization will
come, that the dawn upon them of how
grossly they have been deceived by
hoodwinked, cheated, and robbed by
the reign of demonology, created and
perpetuated for their own gain by the
priests of Taoist priests—Harper's
Weekly.

WHEN JEWS HAD THREE EYES.

Old Tradition Prevalent Among the He-
brews of the Orient.

The Jews of eastern Palestine and
Asia Minor have a queer tradition
which has survived from ancient times
and tells of a race of men in their
history when every fully developed
Israelite was equipped with three per-
fect eyes. The two main topics, ac-
cording to this curious old-time leg-
end, were situated in the front part
of the head, just as Jewish and Chris-
tians are to-day, but the third—the one
that made the early patriarch a mon-
strous creature—was located in the back
part of the head, just above the shape of
the neck in the edge of the hair. This
wonderful third eye in man was not
"evolved" out of existence, as useless
organs generally are (according to the
ideas of the progressive scientists), but
was closed by divine injunction on the
day when Moses was given the tables
of stone on Sinai. You remember that
God's command on the day that the
tables were renewed was that no man
should be seen in the back of the
head, and that no man should be seen in the
city of the holy mount. (See Exodus
xxiv. 3.) The believers in the three-
eyed tradition say that Moses supple-
mented God's command by ordering
the faithful who were encamped in the
valley to turn their heads from the
mountain. This they did, but took
good care to uncover the eye that was
situated in the back of the head. This
Moses, noticing this show of dispi-
cability on the part of his followers, asked
God to close the third or rear eye, and since
that day the Israelites, in common
with the remainder of the human race,
have been forced to depend on two eyes
only.—St. Louis Republic.

SWAMP FOLK.

Old men, workmen, porters, meet in
the street and lift their hats in kindly
recognition of the grace of a coun-
terty. Time and again, when asked,
have been escorted part of the way,
and clear directions given, and then
the old men have been shown in
at a favor had been shown in him.
The etiquette of the city is puzzling to
an American, and carried to a high ex-
tent. So we have to be very careful or
appear foolish.—Stockholm Letter.

It Will Pay

To make some provision for your physical
health at this season, because a slight
cough, an attack of pneumonia or typi-
cal fever now may make you an invalid all
winter. First of all be sure that your blood
is pure, for health depends upon your
blood. A few bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla
will give you pure, rich blood and improve
your whole system.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills are tasteless, mild, and
effective. All druggists have them.

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Sold only in 2-pound Packages

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MUSCATINE OAT MEAL CO.
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has barnacles—
every success
has imitators.
The De Long
Patent Hook and Eye

See that
hump?

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Philadelphia.

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PURE, HIGH GRADE
COCCAS AND CHOCOLATES

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HIGHEST AWARDS

from the great
Industrial and Food
EXPOSITIONS
IN EUROPE AND AMERICA.

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the labels and wrappers on
the boxes of these chocolates,
be sure you get the genuine.
Be sure you get the genuine.
Be sure you get the genuine.

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Is excellent for all throat inflammations and
croup. It will soothe the inflamed
throat, loosen the phlegm, and
bring about a speedy recovery.
It is a valuable remedy for
croup, whooping cough, and
all other respiratory diseases.
It is a valuable remedy for
croup, whooping cough, and
all other respiratory diseases.

Prepared by E. J. Green, Baltimore, Md.
Bottles are
sent by mail, on receipt of
the price. Send for a
free trial bottle. In
quantity, on application.
E. J. GREEN, Baltimore, Md.

SOLE AGENTS, N. Y. City,
J. B. ROY, 111 Broadway.

Does Your Husband Shave

An easy shave makes a generous man
and a generous man makes a good
husband. If you don't want to
pay for a shave—and you don't want
to get a bad shave—send for a
trial bottle of this shaving cream.
It is a valuable remedy for
croup, whooping cough, and
all other respiratory diseases.

SWAMP FOLK.

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ANDROSIS BATH

The sovereign remedy for
all skin diseases. It is a
valuable remedy for
croup, whooping cough, and
all other respiratory diseases.

MRS. BUSBY'S IDOLS.

BY HOPE DARING.

Mr. Joseph Busby eyed the sky as he slowly walked from the barn to the house. The morning sun was valued, and a fleecy mist, while low in the southwest a bank of dark gray clouds was visible.

After his prolonged scrutiny, Mr. Busby considered the matter. It was still a little early to go out, and he entered the room where his wife was taking up the breakfast, that he said: "What is it that you always say if there's a cloud in the sky?" Mrs. Busby said: "I'll thank you to lift that boiler on, just the same. It's certain to rain."

"Let it rain. I haven't any patience with such weather," and Mrs. Busby rushed down cellar after a pitcher of cold water.

Her husband never hurried. He put the boiler carefully on the stove, built up a good fire, and, in obedience to a gesture from his wife, took his place at the table.

Mrs. Busby always thought before he spoke. This time, after a brief but earnest blessing, he devoted himself to his breakfast. He was not a religious man, but he was saying in his usual drawing-room voice:

"That was a powerful sermon of the elder Mirandy. I always thought that text about Ephraim being told to idols might apply to some of us. Most everybody has idols of some sort or other."

Mrs. Busby stirred her golden brown hair reflectively. "Perhaps so. I hope the people who needs it took Mr. Boston's fine application. As for me I once had an idol, but I took it out."

There was a pause. The thoughts of the elder and the younger man were in the parlor where hung the picture of a child, a wee maiden with laughing blue eyes and dimpled arms. It was the picture of little Leah, his only child, when she was twenty years old. He had left the old farm home desolate.

Mrs. Busby's heart was too deeply stirred by memories of his child to speak. But when a wash of rain came against the window pane his wife exclaimed crossly:

"There, it's raining. And if I don't wash Monday nothing goes right all the week. I don't want to be a washer."

"You ain't an idol, is it, Mirandy?" The good man of the house pushed back from the table. "Now, it don't seem just right to be so out as you air on 'em. Your work exactly as you want to do 'em, 'cause to me it might be an idol."

"What an idea! Just look there, Joseph. See that dirty spot on the carpet where you've been coming out last week. This tablecloth was clean yesterday morning and now it must go in the wash, making three this week. I do wish you would be careful."

"Why, now, Mirandy, I do try to be careful. I wish you would use colored tablecloths. I thought you bought some turkey red ones."

"Yes, I did buy them," and a look of disgust crossed the face of opposite Mr. Busby. "But what it understood I am not going to use 'em. I will put my fingers to the bone before I'll set my table with anything but a white cloth," and she stroked the glossy linen approvingly.

"I know, Mirandy, but maybe that's another idol. You see, you think a nightgown is a thing."

"Now, Joseph Busby, if you are going to talk such nonsense as that you better get to work. Just see there. The sun is shining. So you see it is right for me to wash after all."

"May be so," and the eyes of the simple-hearted man softened as he looked through the east window at the sun-kissed young foliage from which the rain drops were yet falling. "Maybe so," and the eyes of the simple-hearted man softened as he looked through the east window at the sun-kissed young foliage from which the rain drops were yet falling. "Maybe so," and the eyes of the simple-hearted man softened as he looked through the east window at the sun-kissed young foliage from which the rain drops were yet falling.

"See here, Joseph Busby," there was an undertone of almost fierceness in her voice. "I think such twisting of the Scriptures is sinful. If I have idols, I don't need to 'em, that's all," and Mrs. Busby strode into her bedroom and shut the door violently.

When she returned to the kitchen she was in possession of the field. Joseph had gone to his work.

"High time," she sniffed; "Idols, indeed!"

She put her clothes to soak, and carrying her dishes into the pantry began washing them. Her thoughts were not pleasant ones, she frowned on her face. The window before which she stood was covered with a thick growth of morning glory vines. A few of the tendrils twisted back, unheeding the threatening of storm, and peered into the flushed face of the worker. But Mrs. Busby was too busy, too disturbed by her husband's words to notice their beauty.

"I don't see what possessed Joseph to say that," she said, as she began rubbing her clothes. "I gave up the idea of ever having had twenty years ago."

She stopped abruptly. "Of course, that's better," she went on, after a brief pause. "But he is wrong. It isn't Leah that keeps me from doing my—"

Again she stopped. She had almost said that. A week before a letter had come from a little town in Kansas to Mr. Busby. The letter contained news of the death of Mrs. Emma Hale, a distant cousin of Joseph. Mrs. Hale was a widow and left one child, a boy, two years old. The writer, a neighbor of the dead woman, went on to say she had cared for the child no longer, and would be sent to the orphanage. Joseph pondered the matter a day and a night. He then coolly proposed sending for the child and adopting it. His wife flatly refused. When a child, a two-year-old baby, to make little on her clean floors and upset her orderly plan of life?

"You must be crazy, Joseph," she said, severely. "If it was a girl, now, and big enough to be out from under foot, I might think of it. But there isn't no use talking about it."

"It was a girl, now," said Joseph, even in so small a matter as that, when he said his best friend. However, this time he said:

"If she's grown old, Mirandy. The baby would be coming to 'fore' now. These words came back to Mrs. Busby as she bent over the wash tub. Did she and Joseph need something to love to do? She thought of the rambling old house with its many rooms, of the fertile acres surrounding it, and of the comfortable farm account. Then her mind wandered to the distant cemetery where a white marble cross marked her place in the grass.

"I couldn't give Leah's place to another," she whispered. "And yet he might make a place for himself. Oh, my baby, I love you still!"

Withdrawing her hands from the suds, Mrs. Busby crossed the sitting room and entered the parlor. No one knew, not even her husband, how much trouble she had in questions the mother settled before her child's picture.

She opened the blinds and looked long and earnestly at the laughing blue face.

"Do you want me to, dear?" she asked tearfully. "Do you want me to take a wife, troublesome boy into this house? Is it an idol, Leah, my want for everything to go on and underfoot?" Ten minutes later she was back at her washing. The parlor blinds were closed and all things were as they had been, excepting Mrs. Busby's eyes, which were now lit with a new light.

At half-past nine the last clothes were on the line. Returning from hanging them out, Mrs. Busby found a neighbor, Mr. Vance, at the door.

"I've been down to the station," he said, "and the eight o'clock train brought a baby for you, or Busby, rather."

"A what?" demanded Mrs. Busby, catching her breath.

"A baby." It was plain to see that Mr. Vance was enjoying the situation. "The little fellow is a good one, and a visit brought it from Kansas. Said it belonged to some of Busby's folks. She left it in care of the ticket agent and he sent it over by me. It's down for everything to go on and underfoot, too. The little fellow has cried more since the woman left him."

Mrs. Busby took down her greeningham subonnet and prepared to take him out to the wagon without a word.

"Was you expecting it?" Mr. Vance asked, somewhat disappointed at her quietness.

"Yes," she replied, briefly. "It was a plump, but tear-stained little face that met her eager gaze. There were great blue eyes, a rosy mouth and closely-curling yellow hair, and the same little fellow was up her arm."

"Come to nurse, dear," she said coaxingly. "You want some bread and milk, don't you, and to see the dear little chickens?"

She was a little leisurely gait of the morning. Mr. Busby again traversed the path from the barn to the house. Mirandy's line of snowy clothes drying in the sun, and the sight of the little high chair that for twenty years had stood empty in an upper room. And on the floor sat a happy faced child surrounded by clothes-pink, empty bottles, a daisy chain and a like collection of impromptu playthings.

"Who—who is that, Mirandy?" Joseph cried. "That's Mirandy's prairie baby. I'm picking up the child she put it in her husband's arms. There, Joseph dear, make friends with Uncle Joseph. He is the dearest little fellow, and don't you be afraid."

"But I don't understand," and Joseph Busby's arms closed tenderly around the little orphan.

DRESS JUGGLERY.

A Clever Woman Who Contrives Several Outcomes Out of One.

The economies of the toilet is a complex question. A woman's wardrobe answers more or less satisfactorily, according to her lights and purse, through all the variations of dress, from a simple gown, and checked subonnet to the most elaborate and costly. The dainties displayed in the shops this month of foreign importations. But for the woman who has a little money to buy a little time to scheme and a vast desire to make a little sweet, smart and suitable appearance, what shall she do?

Let her draw first an inspiration and lay a lasting cornerstone on which to erect dainty, effective little varieties of toilet by buying a good black silk.

To begin with, the silk gown needs to be made of good armor or peau de sole weave, also, says the feminine authority, who has tried and proved this plan, it requires lining at seventy cents a yard. The skirt ought to be made for the bottom and fit the hips snugly, the waist cut absolutely plain, with sleeves of generous but not extravagant volume, the neck completed with a high stiff collar, have the skirt so finished as to fit snugly over the basque's bottom.

With the six yards of lining needed and seven yards of three-quarter of silk such a pattern calls for, the cost of the materials can be easily calculated, adding an item of three dollars and fifty cents for the well-chosen trims. The expense of dressmaking ought to be reckoned by the personal skill of the purchaser, plus the aid of a seamstress in the house for two or three days.

Here, it is the gown for the staid entertainments of the winter, to be worn with a stock and giraffe of clear peach-silk velvet and a bag front, made of plain black cloth, spangled over with the green lilies of the field, sewed on by the wearer's nimble fingers. Just in a morning and out of pretty bits saved from old gowns and bonnets can be put together a dress of grilles, stocks, frills, lappets and collars to give the plain body all the needed decoration for general use, while the skirt calls for no ornamentation. However, here are suggested party, grand reception, tea or wedding breakfast.

For the afternoon tea change make a high fall stock of white satin, then buy a pair of white gloves, a white chiffon, one yard and an eighth long. Turn up a finger deep hem on the chiffon all about and herring bone it down firmly. With a white spool just above the herring bone, frill full on a narrow edging of cream Valenciennes lace, cut exactly in the center of the square a hole large enough to slip the finger into. The white soft fabric fall in airy folds and points from neck to knees about and over the black silk under dress.

Now, for the theater party, the fichu is the thing. The white square called for one dollar and a half's worth of goods with ninety cents' worth of lace, the fichu, as shown in the cut, needs no much more than a trim with a dollar's worth of lace edging and ten of inserting, costing, in prettily fitted imitation Brussels, four dollars and fifty cents. The white square should show lace and muslin points over the chin and at the breast, the front lappets of the fichu need to be caught up with a cluster of loose silk, variegated with the colors of the rainbow.

Silk tulle, in rainbow like tints of yellow, rose and green, comes double width at one dollar and a fraction a yard. In yellow or green over the black silk, and the other half of the dress is made of the tulle, more than its own cloudy, shimmering folds, one thickness in skirt and loose waist over the black silk gown composes a costume worthy of the admiration of the fashionists. The first specimens of polyantha introduced from Japan and some hybrid perpetual roses. By repeated and careful selections a new class of roses has been produced which like anemone, geranium, flower and produce seeds in less than a year. The term "dwarf" is justified by the height which is in itself a very striking feature. The flowers are single, semi-double or double in almost equal proportions and present almost all the variations of color observed in cultivated roses. Flower of the year is the first year and even a few months after sowing. This precocity is one of the most remarkable and interesting features of this new type.—Gardener's Chronicle.

ALVESTON HARBOR.

Wonderful Jetties to be Constructed for the Purpose of Securing Deep Water.

One of the greatest engineering feats of modern times is the construction of the wonderful jetties built to secure deep water for ocean steamers in the bay at Alveston. Anyone who never saw these jetties at Alveston has no idea of the magnitude of the scheme to get deep water. From 1870 until four years ago the United States government has been letting contracts intermittently for this work. Each appropriation would do something like one hundred thousand dollars. When that amount was expended there would be a long delay until another appropriation was made, and little good resulted from the work. In 1891 Uncle Sam took the bit in his teeth and determined to rush things. He entered into a contract for six million, two hundred and fifty thousand dollars of work. The contractors have already expended about four million dollars and say they will require one million eight hundred thousand more.

There are two jetties, known as the north and south jetty. The south jetty begins at the north end of Alveston island and runs in a northeastward direction thirty-two thousand eight hundred feet, or six and two-tenths miles. When it is completed it will be seven miles long. The north jetty starts at Alveston peninsula, which is now built for four and one-half miles. The two jetties, probably two miles apart at the shore end, gradually approach each other as they extend into the gulf, so that at the water end there is but a narrow channel and a sort of funnel is formed. Within the bay thus formed the water is sufficiently deep for the safe anchorage of the largest ocean steamers, but near the head, or small end, of the funnel these jetties make a sand bar. It has been growing in recent years, and there was grave fear that big vessels would be shut out of the harbor.

This is the simple duty the jetties are supposed to perform: When the tide comes up into the bay it comes from deep water and brings little sand. When it goes out through the narrow channel formed by the jetties the current is naturally stronger and swifter, the water is more shallow, and it carries the sand into the sea. In a few words, this is the plan of the jetty-makers. In addition the jetties make a safe harbor within their bounds. The largest ocean steamer runs high there. That portion of the jetties nearest the shore is made of ordinary limestone; further out it is made of granite taken from granite mountains, say at Marble Falls, Texas. The jetty at the top will average about fifteen feet in width, at the base about one hundred feet. They are on an average eighteen feet deep. Try to form an idea of the amount of stone that has gone into this work! The quarries at Granite mountains have been sending to the Alveston jetties twenty carloads of stone each week twenty-six days in the month for the last four years—nearly seven hundred and fifty thousand tons, and yet not more than forty per cent of the material used so far has been granite. The five-ton block of this granite is the minimum sized—the waves would make playthings of lighter weights, and a ten-ton block could forty or fifty times.

Out over the jetties, on a trestle built over the rocks, runs a railroad track. It is a standard gauge, but a tussle little engine hauls the cars. Nowhere is the railroad track extended. Carloads of granite are run out and unloaded. There is no placing of this stone. It is dumped into the water and allowed to find its own resting place. Car load after car load is emptied into one spot without showing above the surface and without perceptible effect. When the winds blow for days from one direction and the gulf runs high the language and the discomfort of the work increase greatly. The breakers strike the jetty and go high in the air.

The contrast for the work is claimed to be the largest contract ever let by the United States government, and while an immense amount of money is being literally thrown into the sea, the cost of these jetties will be insignificant compared with the benefits, if the plan succeeds. It will be the longest jetty system in the world, and all the west will derive benefits. The purpose of the jetties is to make business done at Alveston. It is estimated that one-half the entire crop of Texas, three million bales, is shipped from this island city. The bar which is the purpose to be built with these jetties does not prevent the entrance of steamers now, but the increase in business a free and safe port will cause can hardly be estimated.—St. Louis Republic.

"Prayer has a right to the word 'inspiration' as a matter of course, but which words cannot express—of that interior speech which we do not articulate, even when we employ it.—Mme. Swetchew.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—Desmond Fitzgerald, the knight of Clon, died recently at Clon castle, County Limerick. Like the knight of Kerry, the knight of Clon is a hereditary knighthood created by a Fitzgerald of Desmond in the fourteenth century, by his authority as a constable without the interposition of the crown.

—Count Eugene Richy, who has been hunting in Asia for traces of the origin of the Magyars, has returned and states that he has determined the line of the Magyar immigration, has found many Hungarian names of tribes and places, and has made a collection of interest among the Asiatic tribes whose origin is the same as the Magyars.

—Queen Emma, of Holland, speaks French, English and Dutch with as much apparent facility as German, her native tongue. It is related of her that upon one occasion a foreign diplomatist who wished to gratify her addressed her in German, but she replied in French: "You forget that I am no longer German, but Dutch." She was a young girl and her husband was sixty-two when she became his second wife.

—Luther Ladlin Mills, the Chicago criminal lawyer, says that when he was a boy he frequently accompanied his father, who was a wholesale merchant on collecting runs far away in the northwest. They had to travel by wagon, and as the father would have large sums of money about him it was often a problem where they could safely put up for the night. "My boy," the old man used to say, "it is safe to stay at a house where there are flowers in the window."

—M. Bartholomew Saint Hilaire, the lifelong friend of Thiers, is now ninety. He lately presented to the Bibliotheque Nationale his rich collection of editions of Aristotle and works on him, brought together by his father, in edition of Aristotle, the labor of sixty years, which he completed three years ago. He remembers seeing the first Napoleon three times: once in March, 1814, just before the armistice, when he reached Paris, and at a review and lastly on the Tuilleries terrace just before Waterloo in 1815.

Paris is afflicted with a Tamsen, too. While the house of Senator Magnier, who is accused of frauds in the Southern railway matter, was carefully watched by the police officials the senator was seen to go for a walk, observed, attended to his business in Paris, and got out of France without trouble. The story was started that he was seen out of the country, the fact, in a basket of dirty linen, but in a letter to Le Figaro he denies this, saying that he simply walked out in broad daylight without interference.

"A LITTLE NONSENSE."

—He—"It makes me a better man every time I kiss you, darling." She—"Oh, my Harold! How good you must be now!" "It's all right."

A maiden writes: "Can you tell me how to change the color of my hair, which all the young men tell me is red?" Certainly we can. Get rich; they will then call it golden or Auburn.—Erie Mirror.

Upon the unjust and the just
Alike the rain doth fall;
But the rain that on the just falls
Is the rain that on the just falls
Unharmful of the just,
And don't get wet at all.

—They say," said the prudent man, "that a man who never drinks, nor smokes, nor stays up late at night, always lives to a great age." "Yes," replied his wife, "but I don't want to play a yarn, 'that's his punishment.'"—Washington Star.

—Its Mother—"Oh, John, John! What shall we do? Baby has swallowed its mother's foot." The other—"Nothing. Now he'll always have it with him, and we won't have to be forever looking for it when he cries."

—Town and Country. The following extracts are from examination papers recently handed in at a public school in Connecticut: (1) From what animals do we get milk? (2) From the ox, and the milk-maid. (3) The hen is covered with feathers. With what is the cat covered? The cat is covered with fleas. (4) Name an animal that has four legs and a long tail. A mosquito. (5) Name two kinds of nuts. Peanuts and forget-me-nots.—Harper's Round Table.

It was in a small theater in Chester during the races. A number of turtles were present, for your racing-man is always a supporter of the drama. During the entr'acte a very nicely looking young man came out to play a little solo. He started mournfully with "Auld Robin Gray," and was ambulating lugubriously when, during a slight rest, a plaintive voice came from the back of the gallery: "All right, old man. Don't go on—owe it us!"—Arthur Roberts' Adventures.

A Good Definition.—Poor, patient Ned had been kept in again and again to learn a very simple stanza that had been easily mastered by all the rest of his class. Finally he broke down and sobbed out: "I can't do it, Miss Gracie, I just can't do it. Father says it's because I have such a poor—" "A poor what, Ned?" "You know what it is," a murmur of light flickering in the dark, said the teacher, "it's a thing you forget with." Such is memory, alas! to the most of us.—Philadelphia Times.

THE HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, : : : Editor.



HAZEL GREEN, KY.
THURSDAY Oct. 31, 1895.

DEMOCRATIC STATE TICKET.

For Governor,
P. WAT HARRIS, of Mercer.
For Lieutenant Governor,
R. T. TYLER, of Fulton.
For Treasurer,
R. C. FORD, of Clay.
For Auditor,
L. C. NORMAN, of Boone.
For Register of the Land Office,
G. B. SWANGO, of Wolfe.
For Attorney General,
W. J. HENDRICK, of Fleming.
For Secretary of State,
HENRY S. HALE, of Graves.
For Supt. of Public Instruction,
ED PORTER THOMPSON, of Owen.
For Commissioner of Agriculture,
ION B. NALL, of Louisville.
For Railroad Commissioner, Third District,
GREEN R. KELLER, of Nicholas.
For the Legislature—91st District,
JOSEPH C. LYKINS,
Of Wolfe.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

We are authorized to announce CHAS. T. BYRD, of Campton, as a candidate for the office of Circuit Court Clerk for Wolfe county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

The Republican papers now call Billy O'Connell Bradley "governor," but after next Tuesday his name will be Dennis and his doom that of a one horse lawyer in the treadmill of country litigation.

Henry L. Godsey, writing from Washington to his parents, says that he will be here next Tuesday to cast his vote for the Democratic ticket. Pity that he could not have been here in time to make a few speeches.

Hon. J. C. Lykins was in town last Saturday and says his election is assured by the usual majority, notwithstanding Mr. Burch will get a few votes. Mr. Lykins is a clever gentleman, well known and beliked, and will make us a first class representative.

The newly elected Democratic county committeemen will meet at the store of H. F. Pierant, in this place, on Saturday next to elect a chairman, and a full attendance is desired. We hope the new chairman, whoever he may be, will be a man of unquestioned loyalty to his party and accept the position with the determination to do his full duty in all things.

Hon. J. G. Bailey, Republican candidate for representative in the Ninety-second district, denies by private letter that he is an infidel and asks THE HERALD to correct such rumor. The fact that Mr. Bailey did not deny the charge publicly when Mr. Pollard made it on the stump, is the sole cause of THE HERALD publishing the rumor that he was a non-believer. But, infidel or not, he is a non-believer in Democratic doctrine, and that is an abundant cause for filing him away.

The Louisville Evening Post, otherwise a very readable paper and a very pretty one, while posing as a Democratic organ takes great delight in publishing the name of every sore-head Democrat who announces that he will not support Hardin, and from first to last has, perhaps, mustered as many as a "baker's dozen." The editor of the Post is evidently a sorehead himself, and Knott entitled to a place in the Democratic household. But the Post is only the tail to the Commercial kite, and flies high or low as the wind-maker indicates.

Through the courtesy of our friend, R. Buckner Allen, formerly of Lexington, but now a writer for New York papers, we have received the *Moniteur de la Bijouterie* et de l'Horlogerie, published in Paris, France, under date of October 10, in which we find the following article, reproduced from THE HERALD:

ORIGINAL MODE D'ABONNEMENT.

A propos de toutes les modifications que se produisent, en ce moment, dans la presse parisienne, on rappelle qu'il existe un mode d'abonnement, en Amérique, dont nous ne savons pas encore nous servir.

C'est au HERALD de Hazel-Green (Kentucky), que nous empruntons cette parole:

PRIX D'ABONNEMENT PAR AN.

Vingt livres de porc;
Ou dix livres de saucisse;
Ou deux boisseaux de pommes de terre;
Ou cinq boisseaux de navets;
Ou dix poulets;
Ou dix livres de lard;
Ou encore un boisseau d'oignons.
PRIX D'ABONNEMENT POUR SIX MOIS.
La moitié des quantités ci-dessus.

De la sorte, les abonnés ne déboursent pas d'argent, et croient ainsi moins payer; les redacteurs sont assurés de ne pas mourir de faim.

French scholars may supply the necessary accented letters for the above, but for the edification of those of our readers who are not up in French we append the following translation, kindly furnished by our young friend James H. Swango:

ORIGINAL KIND OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Among all the strange things which have appeared, at this time, in the Parisian press, one notices that there is a kind of subscription in America of which we have not yet availed ourselves.

It is in THE HERALD, from Hazel Green (Kentucky), that we clip this pearl:

PRICE OF SUBSCRIPTION PER YEAR.

Twenty pounds of pork;
Or ten pounds of sausage;
Or two bushels of potatoes;
Or five bushels of turnips;
Or ten chickens;
Or ten pounds of lard;
Or even a bushel of onions.

Price of subscription for six months—half of the above quantities.

In this way the subscribers do not part with any money, and think, therefore, they pay less; the editors are assured not to starve.

If any of our French friends desire to take THE HERALD on the above terms, and thus possess themselves of "the ideal country paper of America," they can send along their produce, freight and customs prepaid, and we'll book their names. We pay postage.

Johnny Gripp, a Pittsburg boy, was killed by a pencil thrust one day last week. While returning from school he fell upon the pencil and the point penetrated his left breast, killing him instantly. This is by no means an isolated case. Preachers, politicians, and in fact people in every walk in life have been killed by the point of a pencil properly, or improperly, handled—killed to all intents and purposes—and so it will be as long as the Faber shall be used.

A. F. Watson, of Oliveville, Lawrence county, Ky., is manufacturing the Horse Shoe Bed Springs in the old Swango brick store, and desires the patronage of the citizens of Wolfe and adjoining counties. The standard price is \$5.00, but will furnish the people of this neighborhood the springs for \$3.00. The springs can be had for produce, such as

JOHN M. ROSE,
HAZEL GREEN, KY.

Is the only firm in the town which handles the justly celebrated

Boots : and : Shoes
from the wholesale house of

C. P. Tracy & Co.,
PORTSMOUTH, OHIO.

When you want the BEST footwear give him a call.



An Oxygen Home Remedy Without Medicine.

150 FIFTH AVE., N. Y., April 5, 1895.
"I have confidence in the merits of the Electro-Poise—simple, convenient, economical and effective as it is—has constantly grown with my increasing observation and experience." W. H. DeFay, A. M., D. D., LL. D., (Editor People's Cyclopaedia.)

Often Cues 'HOW?' Cases
Pronounced 'Incurable.'

ELECTROPOISE
put on trial at reasonable rates.

DuBOIS and WEBB,
513 FOURTH AVE.,
Louisville, Ky.

Please mention this paper when writing.

Lexington and Eastern Railway.

Time Table in Effect April 14th, 1895.

J. D. LIVINGSTON, CHAS. SCOTT,
V. P. & Gen. Manager, Gen. Pass. Agent

STATIONS.	MILES.	No. 1.		No. 5.	
		Daily.		Sunday.	
Lexington	0	10 30 am			
Avon	11	10 02 am	3 33 pm		
Winchester	20	9 42 am	3 13 pm		
Fairlie	27	9 27 am	2 00 pm		
Indian Fields	33	9 10 am	1 10 pm		
Clay City	40	8 53 am	12 40 pm		
Stanton	44	8 42 am	11 40 pm		
Filson	51	8 27 am	10 45 am		
Dundee	55	8 12 am	10 12 am		
Natural Bridge	57	8 07 am	10 07 am		
Torment	62	7 54 am	9 55 am		
Beattyville	70	7 33 am	9 40 am		
Three Forks City	74	7 23 am	8 00 am		
Atwood	82	7 02 am	7 16 am		
Elkton	90	6 58 am	6 20 am		
Jackson	94	6 30 am	6 00 am		

EAST BOUND.

STATIONS.	MILES.	No. 2.	
		Daily.	
Lexington	0	2 30 pm	
Avon	11	2 55 pm	
Winchester	20	3 15 pm	
Fairlie	27	3 29 pm	
Indian Fields	33	3 46 pm	
Clay City	40	4 05 pm	
Stanton	44	4 18 pm	
Filson	51	4 28 pm	
Dundee	55	4 45 pm	
Natural Bridge	57	4 50 pm	
Torment	62	5 04 pm	
Beattyville	70	5 26 pm	
Three Forks City	74	5 36 pm	
Atwood	82	5 58 pm	
Elkton	90	6 42 pm	
Jackson	94	6 20 pm	

Nos. 2, 3 and 4 arrive and depart from C. & O. dep't Lexington; 8 and 6 from Freight depot at Netherland.

Nos. 3 and 4 run Sundays only. No. 3 going west, leaves Torment at 4:30 p. m., and No. 4, going east, leaves Torment at 1:00 a. m.

TO MERCHANTS ONLY.

W. R. NUNLEY, Mt. Sterling, Ky., REPRESENTING
HARBISON & GATHRIGT,
LOUISVILLE, KY. Manufacturers of KENTUCKY SPRING AND ALL OTHER SADDLES, Buggy, Break and all kinds of harness.

The New Brass Staple Collar, The Greatest Thing Out, As well as everything a horse wears.

I am getting ready to start after spring order. Will reach you in plenty of time. However, if you have any special time to buy write me at Mt. Sterling. My trade is big, I want it bigger. Buy from me and we'll both be happy. Respectfully,
W. R. NUNLEY.

Constipation & Biliousness

Cause
Sick-headache, Pains in the back, Sallow complexion, Loss of appetite and Exhaustion.

There is only one cure, which is

RAMON'S LIVER PILLS—AND—Tonic Pellets

One Pink Pill touches the liver and removes the bile.

One Tonic Pellet nightly, acts as a gentle laxative in keeping the bowels open, restores the digestive organs, tones up the nervous system and makes new rich blood. Complete treatment, two medicines, one price, 50c.

Treatise and sample free at any store.

BROWN BROS. CO., New York.

Louis & Gus

STRAUSS

THE LEADING

Clothing House

—OF—

KENTUCKY!

Largest Stock,

Lowest Prices.

Best Goods,

When in Lexington do not fail to give us a call.

Louis & Gus Strauss,
Main St., Opposite Phoenix Hotel,
Lexington, Ky.

IF YOU WANT

—THE BEST—

CANE MILL OR EVAPORATOR

—BUY THE—

CHATTANOOGA

IF YOU WANT

BEST : WAGON,

—BUY THE—

FISH BROS.

CALL ON OR ADDRESS

W. W. REED,

MT. STERLING, KY.

THE HERALD.

Jonas Vansant was in town Tuesday. Fielden Lawson, of Ezell, is dangerously ill with typhoid fever.

The infant child of Marion Nickell is reported to have died last Sunday night.

Why suffer with that headache, when you can secure a box of Mercurine at this office for 50 cents and get immediate relief.

Mitch Campbell may not be the best overseer in the county, but at any rate he has the best piece of mold.

You cannot be well unless your blood is pure. Therefore, purify your blood with the best blood purifier, Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Berry and Miss Clara Tharratt, of Ezell, whose illness we have reported from time to time are now on a fair way to recovery.

Loer.—On the road to Ezell or Goodwins chapel a fountain pen. The finder can get a liberal reward by returning to this office.

Will Jones and wife, of Finecastle, Lee county, attending the funeral and burial of Miss Stella Kash, who was a sister of Mrs. Jones.

Arbury Brooks, who has been taking in the nights at Lexington and Louisville for several weeks past, returned home Monday.

Don't fail to be at the polls on next Tuesday and vote the Democratic ticket. Vote it from "end to end" by putting the cross under the rooster.

Ben Vansant, of Elliott county, and representative for the Courier-Journal job printing company, was in our town Monday evening and Tuesday morning.

Miss Fannie Gay Hughes was summoned to the bedside of her sick mother at Paris, Ky., last Saturday, and left Sunday for home. She hopes to return the last of the week.

The J. T. Day mill, on the west side, is rapidly nearing completion and will soon be ready for the machinery, which will be the best ever placed in a similar plant in the mountains.

Many Republicans have expressed themselves for G. B. Swango for register. The office is almost a strictly mountain office, and irrespective of politics, a mountain man should have it.

John Evans and wife left on Sunday morning for a visit to relatives and friends in Montgomery county. Mr. Evans will go to Louisville and perhaps engage to travel for some wholesale house at that place.

Deputy United States Marshal W. A. Byrd, who has been in Morgan and Angolia counties for some time on circuit business, passed through on Tuesday en route to Jackson. He says the outlook for Democratic success in those two counties is exceedingly bright.

Our subscribers who are in arrears must pay up AT ONCE, or we will be compelled to place their accounts in the hands of a collector. We need money to pay our debts, and if those who owe us will whack up we can do so. Don't delay sending in your dollar, but send it at once.

The home of Rev. J. H. Scott, colored, just above Swango Springs, on the state road, caught fire Sunday, the 20th inst., and one side of the structure was almost completely destroyed. Messrs. Dye, Albright and Low happened to discover the fire and succeeded in subduing the flames.

Joe Frazier, who has been manager of the J. T. Day Co. cut-rate racket store since it started, has severed his connection with that concern, and on Sunday left for his home at Winchester. A. P. Lacy is now in charge of "the racket," and will be glad to cut prices on goods and sell to all his friends.

A good peg on which to hang your personal comfort for the next few years is Ramon's Tonic Liver Pills. This remedy is almost magical in its effects, and positively cures all forms of biliousness, sour stomach, disordered liver, etc. Sick headaches vanish speedily when this treatment has been used for a fortnight. Do not forget the name. Ask your druggist for Ramon's, and insist upon having it. A box costs but 25 cents—sample dose free.

Married, at the residence of the bride's father, S. M. Tyler, of Grassy creek, at 5 o'clock Friday evening, Miss Sarah Tyler to Riley Taubbe, of Magoffin county. Rev. J. T. Pieratt officiating. Mr. Pieratt says he can ride now, and is ready to act at any time. THE HERALD extends congratulations to the happy couple and hopes they may have a life-time of peace and prosperity.

How's This!
We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.
F. J. CHENEY & CO'S, Prop.,
Toledo, Ohio.
We the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the fifteen years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.
West & Traas, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio, Walling, Kinnae & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all drug stores. Testimonials free.

Swango, one of the best known football players in the state, and captain of the Frankfort team, has resigned his captaincy and taken a position as coach of the Olden College team at Bowling Green. Mr. Swango is one of the best players in Kentucky, and his work on the Athletic club team last year was much praised. He will be missed by Frankfort team, which he brought to a high standing, and the members only let him go with regret. Henry Limber will take hold of the Frankfort eleven, and as he is an experienced player, the team will be well handled.—Lexington Leader, Oct. 22.

"Incurable."
We know that it sounds quickish to talk about the Electropneumatic curing machine, but bear in mind the fact that it is the old treatment that has pronounced the case incurable. We do not make the claim that we can cure all incurable diseases, but we do maintain with all earnestness that a case pronounced incurable by your family physician is a splendid field for the operation of the Electropneumatic. It may be just the treatment necessary, and is quite likely to be so. If it fails, this is no argument against the "Pneum," but in such a case, the fact of the physician's statement is proven to be true. But among the patients who have been given up by their physician who has again received life through treatment of the Electropneumatic.

It was on a pleasant, sheltered point, "Pine Island, N. Y.," which we most heartily commend to the careful consideration of all those who, early people in the city and other sections who never did a wrong in their lives. As they seem to be plentiful hereabouts, we recommend that they continue to memory this poem, say it with grace every morning before breakfast and I continue in the straight and "narrow" shoot along which they have been sliding, if they can.

Mr. J. K. Fowler, secretary and treasurer of the Corbin Mill, Canal and Stock, Co. of Corbin, Va., in speaking of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy says: "I cannot tell the last in the market. I have used many kinds but find Chamberlain's the most prompt and effective in curing a cold, and now keep no other in my house. When troubled with a cold I need give this remedy a trial and we assure you that you will be sure to place it with the rest." For sale by John M. Rose, druggist.

Henry L. Gosney, of Hazel Green, chief of the stamp vaults, internal revenue bureau, was invited to address the Interstate Democratic Association at Washington one night last week. A number of speeches were made by Democrats from different states, and Mr. Gosney was called upon to speak for Kentucky.

Weak and Nervous
Describes the condition of thousands of people at all seasons. They have no appetite, cannot sleep, and complain of the prostrating effect of warmer weather. This condition may be remedied by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which creates an appetite and tones up all the organs. It gives good health by making the blood pure.

Hood's Pills are the best after dinner pills, assist digestion, cure headache.

Frank Duke brought one hundred gallons of pure sarsaparilla down from Wolfe county Tuesday and sold it without any trouble. It is fine, because we have tried it....Mr. Arberry Brooks, a genial gentleman of Hazel Green, was a pleasant caller at the Gazette Monday, en route home from Louisville.—Mt. Sterling Gazette.

"While down in the southwestern part of the state some time ago," says Mr. W. Chambers, editor of the Chicago (Chi.) Enterprise, "I had an attack of dysentery. Having heard of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhea Remedy, I bought a bottle. A couple of doses of it completely cured me. Now I am a champion of that remedy for all stomach and bowel complaints. For sale by John M. Rose.

J. T. Day received a letter from Winchester Monday evening notifying him that his wife was quite ill at that place, where she is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Robert J. McLean, and left at once to be with her and give her his attention and affection.

ENGLISH KITCHEN.

12 W. SHORT STREET. LEXINGTON, KY.

Regular Meals, 25 cents. Meals to order at all hours. Breakfast from 6 to 9 a. m. Dinner from 10 a. m. to 3 p. m. Supper from 5 to 9 p. m.

Oysters, Lamb Fries, Fish and Chicken a Specialty.
GUS. LUGART, Proprietor.

Free to our Readers.

A first class, high grade monthly home journal has come to be a necessity in every household. Such a journal, well-conducted, occupies a special relation to every member of the family circle. One of the best journals of this character we have seen is the Woman's Health Journal, published at Chattanooga, Tenn. The choice of titles, charming verse and interesting miscellany, appeal alike to young and old. Its special departments of Fashion, Among Our Girls, A Page for Mothers, The Home-Keeper, With the Children and the Health and Hygiene Department, edited by a competent and experienced physician, make it invaluable to any home.

(1) Every new subscriber to THE HERALD who pays cash;

(2) Every old subscriber who renews by Nov. 15;

(3) Every delinquent subscriber who pays up arrears.

These subscriptions won't last long. First come, first served. Call at this office and see sample copy.

Shorthand and Typewriting.
Beginning Monday, December 30, our Stenography and Typewriting classes will be in charge of E. E. Atkinson, who is fully capable of carrying them on to success.

See the subjoined communication from Miss (quoting) Mrs. E. E. Atkinson, who is quite well known. Atkinson did a great deal of practical work in these lines and will put enthusiasm in his classes. The cost for the course, for five months, will be very reasonable, viz. Stenography \$29, Typewriting \$6. Here is an opportunity to learn these things at a small cost, and at once.

HAZEL GREEN ACADEMY.
Wm. H. Cord, Principal.

HAZEL GREEN, Ky., July 16, 1895.

To Whom This May Concern:

It gives me pleasure to say that I am personally acquainted with Mr. E. E. Atkinson and have ever found him to be an upright, honest and intelligent gentleman. He attended the Hazel Green Academy several months, five months of which time he was in the shorthand class under my charge. He used his time well, mastering the principles of shorthand, typewriting, commercial correspondence, etc. His qualifications are varied. Being naturally bright and industrious he made exceptional progress in the above mentioned subjects and will render valuable service to the community as far as shorthand first class work. In addition to this he is a Christian gentleman, courteous and courteous, and will be all you know him. I do not hesitate to recommend him to all who may need the services of a stenographer or a secretary, and fully qualified to all any position he may seek. Respectfully for his own good efforts, I am,

Very respectfully,
MATTIE C. QUICKALE.

WANTED: A woman to cook, wash and iron for a small family. Apply at this office. Light service and best wages.

Prof. Cord returned Tuesday from Dallas, Texas, where he last week attended a meeting of the National C. W. B. M.



Burning Pain

Erysipelas in Face and Eyes

Inflammation Subdued and Tortures Ended by Hood's.

"I am so glad to be relieved of my tortures that I am willing to tell the benefits I have derived from Hood's Sarsaparilla. In April and May, I was afflicted with erysipelas in my face and eyes, which spread to my throat and neck. I tried various ointments and remedies, but there was no permanent abatement of the burning, torturing, distressing and distressing. I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and

Feet Marked Relief
before I had finished the first bottle. I continued to improve until, when I had taken four bottles, I was completely cured, and felt that all signs, marks and symptoms of the disease had disappeared. Mrs. E. E. ATKINSON, Hillsboro, Wisconsin.

HOOD'S Sarsaparilla CURES

Hood's Pills are prompt and efficient, yet easy to action. Sold by all druggists. See

CUT PRICE AND RACKET STORE.

THE J. T. DAY CO.

NOW HAVE ON SALE AN IMMENSE

Children's suits, 75c per suit, worth \$1.50	Celluloid collars, three latest styles, 5
Children's suits, \$1.50 per suit, worth \$2.50	Men's heavy undershirts, worth 25c
Boys' suits, \$2.50 per suit, worth \$5.00	Boys' and youths' suspenders, worth 5
Youth's suits, \$3.50 per suit, worth \$6.50	10c the world over, per pair.....
Men's suits, \$5.00 per suit, worth \$7.50	50c fine youth's suspenders, worth 10
Men's suits, \$5.00 per suit, worth \$7.50	20c, for men's suspenders, worth 10
Men's suits, \$5.00 per suit, worth \$7.50	Men's farmers and silk fine suspenders, worth 10
Men's suits, \$5.00 per suit, worth \$7.50	See our old cuts and pants at less than half price.
Calicoes, the very best standard goods, pick of the house, embracing Simpson's and other choice makes, all new, per yard, for.....	50c per pair, for.....
Good shirting goods, per yard, for.....	Work shirts worth 50c for.....
Extra heavy shirting goods, good as Alabama's, per yard, for.....	Extra heavy work shirts worth 50c.....
Heavy four quarter AA's farmers and mechanics brown cotton, per yard	A handsome white dress shirt, worth 85c, for.....
An immense odd lot of hats, shoes, etc., etc., at ridiculously low prices	20 Styles of colored laundry shirts, collars and cuffs attached, worth double the money.....
Ladies' 37 inch wool knit skirts, worth 50c, for.....	50c Ladies' full weight ribbed vests, worth 50c for.....
Full 10-4 blankets, worth \$1.25 per pair, for.....	Men's heavy undershirts, worth 25c.....
Bed comforts, worth 75 cents, for.....	Heavy Canton flannel drawers worth 40c, for.....
Clark's U. S. T. special cotton 4c per yard, or 1 spool for 12 or 27 spools for.....	50c, for.....
25 different styles of ladies' misses', children's and men's hats, in fast black, tan, or colors, worth 10c per pair, for.....	50c, for.....
See the houses we are selling for ladies, children and men at 10c per pair worth 15 to 25 elsewhere.	50c, for.....
Ladies' best black gloves, per pair.....	10c, for.....
Men's leather work gloves, worth 10c per pair, for.....	10c, for.....

STOCK & GENERAL MERCHANDISE

Consisting of Dry Goods, Notions, Hats, Caps, Clothing, Furnishing Goods, Queensware, Wall Boots, Shoes, Paper and Carpets.

In fact everything belonging to a General Store, which we will offer at the above unheard of prices for the CASH and MERCHANTABLE PRODUCE.

The Bargains We will Offer You Will be Tremendous. Be Sure and See the Stock we are Offering. We MEAN BUSINESS and the Stock Must be Sold.

The Cut Price and Racket Store. It is going to give you more for your money than you can get any where in the State of Kentucky. This stock will be on exhibition at Floyd Day's old stand, Hazel Green, Ky. Be sure and call before purchasing elsewhere.

HAZEL GREEN ACADEMY, NORMAL AND PREPARATORY SCHOOL.

Session of 1895-'96 Begins First Monday in September.

FULL COURSES SUSTAINED Expenses the Lowest. IN ALL DEPARTMENTS. Discipline the Firmest. Instruction Thorough.

This school has been before the public for two years, and it stands second to no other school in Eastern Kentucky is any particular.

Enlargements have been made in many ways to meet the increasing demands of each year. Send for Catalogue of Particulars.

Wm. H. CORD, Principal.

Hazel Green, Kentucky.

HOFFMAN'S Insurance Agency.

FIRE. LIFE. ACCIDENT.

The Safest, Best and MOST RELIABLE Agency in Eastern Kentucky. Rates Reasonable.

ASSETS OVER \$260,000.00. LOSSES PAID 275,000.00.

Address A. HOFFMAN, Mt. Sterling, Ky.

TRIMBLE BROTHERS, WHOLESALE GROCERS,

MT. STERLING, KY.

POOR HUMAN NATURE.
I'd like to see a true and perfect man
Who never slipped in life's forbidden
race,
Whose work has been according to the plan
So plainly mapped for fitting every case—
Just one whose gentle footsteps never ran
Astray. I'd like to look in such a face,
And homage pay in songs of jubilee
To human nature, good as it could be.

I've seen good people underneath the sun
Who did as well as anybody could:
Some cheerful, glad, and always full of fun,
And others sad and almost gloomy-gloom;
But man or woman, not a single one
Who always did as they exactly should.
Some have one fault, and some of course,
another,
Then nearest perfect was my good old mother,
One at the church is always to be found,
Ready to speak the praises of the master,
His words with logic testfully profound,
His object to avert a world's disaster,
Yet in the business marts he hustles round,
And has, perhaps, on many homes a
plaster,
His heart palpitating for the joys of heaven
Only, exclusively, one day in seven.

I see another equally devout,
But full of vanity almost to aching,
He has some righteousness beyond a doubt,
Nor fears the awful resurrection morning,
But vanity he cannot live without,
And thinks too much of personal adorn-
ing,
Against which falling very much was said
By one who had not where to lay his head,
Man has been frail and weak and halt and
billed,
And prone to go astray from the begin-
ning,
So much so it is very hard to find
One who has always struck a pace that's
winning,
The very best according to my mind,
Are subject to degrees of hateful sinning,
And when one goes where grace cannot re-
store him,
I'll not condemn, but just feel sorry for
him.

INSPECTOR GARDNER
Testifies as to State Auditor Luke Nor-
man's Office.
Judge, W. H. Gardner, the state in-
spector and examiner, is in the city
today, en route to spend Sunday at his
home at Elizabethtown. He was ap-
pointed by Governor Brown four years
ago, and his duty is to examine closely
the auditor's office, as well as all other
public offices in Kentucky.

A reporter for the Times sought Judge
Gardner and asked what there was in
the charges made against the auditor's
office, in which it is alleged there is mis-
management and a necessity for making
a change in order that the books may be
opened to the public.

The reply was as follows:
The business methods of the auditor's
office are, too well known to require a
denial of such charges. They are un-
worthy of notice and are manufactured
and circulated for campaign purposes
only. The records of this office have not
been closed to the public, to my personal
knowledge since I have been inspector
and if a change should be made, which
I do not think the people have any idea
of making, take my word for it, the Re-
publicans will not find any crookedness
or fraud in this office."

"How do you know this, Judge, in
view of the fact that a difference is
known to exist between the governor
and auditor, and it is supposed by some
that access to the auditor's books would
be denied you?"

"That is a mistaken notion entirely,"
said the judge. "A variance does exist,
but that does not prevent me from per-
forming my duty, nor the auditor from
affording me full opportunity to do it.
Not only has the auditor not refused me
access to the books of his office, but I
have had at all times the prompt and
ready assistance of any or all the clerks
of his office. I can truthfully say that
no public office in Kentucky has been
more thoroughly overhauled and rigidly
examined in detail in every department
than this one, reaching back beyond the
entire time of Maj. Norran. In fact, I
have devoted about one-half of my time
since April 1892, when I was appointed
inspector by Gov. Brown, to an exami-
nation of this office, and though I have
had various and numerous outside as
well as inside official records from which
to check against the auditor's office, I
have not discovered a single instance or
item in which the state has been de-
frauded out of a cent.

"As it has been my invariable rule to
shield no guilty man, Democrat or Re-
publican, you may rest assured if any
fraud had been discovered by me in this
office I would promptly have reported it
to the governor. In addition to the test
of honesty which I applied to this office
by the matter of public money received
by it and paid over to the treasurer, I
can further say its leading features un-

der the splendid system maintained by
Auditor Norran are neatness, courtesy,
efficiency, accuracy and a painstaking
care to guard the interests of the state,
and to properly discharge every duty
incumbent upon the office. With his su-
perior corps of clerks, his office could not
be otherwise than in a first class con-
dition and honestly conducted."—Louis-
Times, Oct. 25.

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means so much more than you
imagine—serious and
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it's *just* what you
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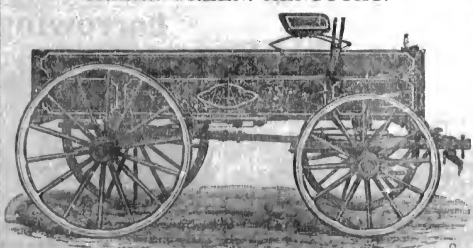
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to do so, as it is nothing more than a
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of the stimulant, be it opium, mor-
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Eureka Chemical & Mfg. Co., La Crosse, Wis.

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ally learned of your "Baco Cure." Three weeks ago today I commenced using
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